

VOLUME ONE/NUMBER ONE

STEP



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In This Issue

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AND TRAMPLING
PLUS HOT LETTERS OF FOOT
DOMINATION AS WRITTEN TO
MISTRESS VICTORIA

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STEP ON IT

VOLUME ONE / NUMBER ONE



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LETTERS TO VICTORIA

Following are letters written to Mistress Victoria. Mistress Victoria welcomes your letters and comments. Just address your letters to: Victoria, C/O Fantastic Books, P.O. Box 34, Amityville, N.Y. 11701-0034. Unless otherwise requested, all letters will be deemed fit for publication.

Dear Ms. Victoria,

I have been reading Corporal, and Dominant View since their beginning. I have always enjoyed reading the letters and stories, in each publication, and over the years watched the changes come and go; however I must say that since you have taken over as editor of Corporal it has greatly improved.

I have been quite pleased to read about trampling and body walking taking its place in Female Domination. Judging by the amount of letters you have received in recent issues, this form of Domination is certainly on the upswing.

It is because of this that I have decided to write, and I guess in effect come out of the closet so to speak. It took me years to come to grips with the fact that all of my sexual fantasies always involved Female Domination with a very strong emphasis on Foot Worship, and being trampled underfoot.

I thought that this would remain a fantasy, especially after revealing these secrets of mine, to women, who would either try to appease me for a period of time, and then telling me that they didn't like it; to those who would just come right out and call me a sick pervert who needed help. I'm sure it is not hard to understand the affect that this had on me, and I resolved to attempt to lead my life in a "Normal Manner" depending on publications and movies to satisfy my mental and sexual needs, locking away this side of my life from any other relationships that I might become involved in. Well, as any devotee might tell you, this does not work for long, the more you try to push the thoughts aside, the more your frustrations will build.

I found that I would break into a sweat just watching a woman dangle a high heel shoe from her toes. Not being a wealthy man, I knew that I would probably have to start saving money so that I might



be able to visit a professional in order to fulfill my needs.

It was just shortly after I made this decision, that I met a woman who had recently divorced, and the rest I guess is history. This happened approximately five years ago, and she was more than what I had spent years of fantasizing about. Not only did she wear stockings and heels as a matter of preference, but found my desire to be dominated beneath her feet a very exciting concept. In the beginning she was very naive, and told me that although she had heard people speak of women in leather boots and carrying whips jokingly, that she had never thought about it or had any experiences dealing with it.

Now through communication, trust, education and experimentation of both our needs and desires; my face has become her cushion, and footstool, and my body the carpeting beneath her feet. My mouth and tongue are used by her in any manner she chooses, from licking and sucking the odor from her stocking feet after she has worked all day, to satisfying her orally front and rear. I am used on a daily basis, and now find my life complete. I should add, that we are very much in love, and believe that our love has grown deeper because of our chosen life-style of Dominance and submission. We don't think that most people understand that this form of love is not only sexually satisfying, but it also satisfies you mentally. I do know that because of it I have become a better man.

Recently my lady, has experienced the same type of rejection, that I did in the past, when she tried to invite, what she thought was a close friend to witness her domination over me, but was told by this woman that she should seek professional help.

I know that it would greatly excite her to show her dominance over me to another woman, but the women she knows certainly want no part of it. We live in a small community, and are both well known so we really have to be careful. I am at a total loss as to what to do; it would give me pleasure to humiliate myself for her in front of another women.

In closing I would like to tell other men like me out there,

to just hang in there. I didn't believe that there were non-professional women out there either but there are. It took me years to find one, and in actuality we found each other, so keep the faith.

Also recently a gentleman wrote to you saying that he knew where one could purchase videos dealing with trampling; I am interested in making a purchase of such videos and respectfully request your assistance in forwarding that and any other information dealing with this subject to me. Thanking you in advance, I remain,

In Love Underfoot
H.A.H

Dear In Love Underfoot,

I suggest you and your lady try putting an ad on the new Corporal Hot Line. You might also try attending different clubs and social gatherings.

We are planning, what we hope will be the greatest Corporal Party ever in July (the date to be announced in next issue) which would be a great way to meet people with your same interest, and who knows you could be fortunate enough to be under my foot.

Dear Victoria,





it. Sure, it wasn't fake worship, but it was inconsistent - and did nothing to dramatically enhance a females life-style. I married twice - to two "traditional" females - and fathered four daughters (all of which are older than Kim) - but that left me (and them) empty, ending in divorce. But, today I live my life in complete slavery to a gorgeous young girl less than half my age - and I am much more fulfilled as well as frightened.

Only a month after my last separation three years ago, I walked into this local bar near a college town, and noticed this absolutely gorgeous, stunning, but tough-looking blonde - Kim. She was just nineteen then and I was forty six, so I kept my

I am a "stupid old fool" who has learned a lot about female domination over the past three years, four months and fourteen days all from my divine young Mistress, Kim. She has taught me about real subservience, and I would like to share that with you and all others into female domination life-style. I cannot give my own opinions on this as I am merely an inferior male "pig", but my holiness, Kim, believes it epitomizes what female domination is all about.

I used to live my life in "fantasy" the first forty six years of pathetic life, using my financial gains to go from professional to professional, and stating women like royalty only at times that I felt like





distance and admired her from afar. She was quite unusual - attractive with long blonde feathered hair, an aristocratic face, pouty lips and big blue eyes - beautiful!!! However, Kim was slim, petite, and muscular. At 5'6 and 128lbs, she was hardly small, but she wore it well on a 36D-26-36 body with long legs - reminiscent to a "budding young female body builder" and tight! Kim was clad in a tight pair of faded jeans, white 4" calf-high boots, and a cut-off at the navel tee-shirt that read:—H.S. class of '87. She looked arrogant, tough and mean, but also feminine and haughty with her lips slackered in wet crimson lipstick and hanging gold earrings. I simply watched in awe as she sipped a draft beer and played pool with some friends.

When I moved closer for a better look, standing by the bar only twenty feet from her, I noticed two other young guys "checking her out" as well. I then overheard one guy say to the other, "...man, just forget it... she's a wicked bitch!" I listened closer. "Yeah...ya know she beat the shit out of a guy in the lot last week!" The other said. "No shit?... Who?..." he asked. "Ya know Frank Z—?" he questioned. "What! Frank?... he's about 6'4!" he replied in shock. I listened to the one guy as he couldn't believe how such a feminine-looking girl could actually smack around an athletic guy like this Frank, and give him a black eye and a busted lip. A strange feeling came over me. Although I,

too, am 6'4 and 225, I have never been really "beaten up" by a girl. Sure, I have been pushed around or had my face slapped by females before, but never "beaten" physically - and I envied this Frank guy for just a moment. Their conversation continued.

"Yeah, my brother said he saw her get into two fights with chicks last summer - and she was furious!" One said. "Damn!!!" The other exclaimed as they both had a gulp of beer and watched the pretty blonde bend over to make a pool shot. I was convinced. I had to try to talk to her - even if she shot me down - I had to talk to her!!!

I waited until she finished her pool game so I wouldn't irritate her, and finally approached her as she stood with half a beer by a pay phone. She seemed utterly miserable. "H- Hi" I gulped. She did not answer. "M-My name is J-John..." I started to say. "Did I ask you your name?..." She interrupted. "Uh-no...no ma'am..." I mumbled. "Then don't tell it to me asshole!" She snarled. She was an arrogant beauty, but didn't seem angered by my presence, so I offered to buy her another draft beer. She paused a moment and gave me an evil stare, her eyebrows bent in anger now. "Don't you think that if I wanted another beer, I would have TOLD you to buy me one?" She asked harshly. I swallowed a lump in my throat. "Y- y-yes'm...I-I-I guess so?..." I blubbered. She grinned cockily. I told the gorgeous teenager that if and/or

when she wished another drink to let me know, please? She didn't answer, and I slithered away to an empty area by the dart boards.

I watched her embarrassed, but twenty minutes later she confidently walked up to me and handed me her empty glass. I just stood there confused for a second. "Well? Buy me another beer, Stupid!" She ordered. "Oh-uh-y-yes...s-sure Ma'am..." I obsequiously replied, and went to "fetch" her a beer. When I returned, she took the beer without a "thank-you" as if it was expected of me. Kim asked if I played pool. "No... not really, but..." I answered. "Good, twenty bucks a game! Let's go!" she insisted. I didn't mind. I just wanted to be in her presence. We got to the table. "Rack the balls!" she snapped. I obeyed.

Kim won my twenty bucks easily - it wasn't even close! "Double or nothing!" she demanded. "O-O-Okay M-Miss!" I stuttered. She took me for another twenty bucks, and proceeded to play "double- or-nothing" another three times to win a grand total of three hundred and twenty dollars. I was demolished in each game - and yes, I tried very hard. Kim wanted to "go again", laughing at my incompetence, but I only had one dollar and thirty five cents left. She got angry. "How the fuck 'ya gonna buy me another beer with a buck, fuckhead?..." she criticized. "...ya got a credit card?" she asked. "Y-Yes'm" I replied. "Then use it ass brain!" she yelled. When I returned with another beer for her majesty, I took a chance and told Kim how captivating I thought she was, and that she was truly deserving of royal treatment - that younger men don't seem to realize that girls like her deserve to be put upon a pedestal and honored - that girls like her should be obeyed! Again, the foxy teenager grinned cockily. "You've got it all figured out, don't you?..." she sarcastically stated. "...but you're just a stupid old fool..." she continued. "I've heard that shit before, but that only lasts 'til a guy gets a piece of ass...that's why they get the shit kicked outta

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them...fucking bastards!" she ripped. I was speechlessly in love. Kim studied me with curiosity and amusement. "Tell me, old man...do you just want a piece of ass?..." she asked. "N- n-no..." I whispered. "Then what the fuck 'ya want?" she demanded. I don't know what came over me. I was frightened of her although I am 10" taller and 97lbs. larger. I told Kim I was happy just to be in her presence, but would give my soul to "serve" a girl like her. "Oh...you mean a slave?" she said knowingly. "...I've had them before, but they just wanted to do a scene then split!" she said, a bitter thought crossing her mind. I told Kim I

was sincere - and financially secure - but she was skeptical.

The gorgeous 19-year-old wrote down her P.O. Box address and told me to write ten thousand times "I am a stupid fool" and told me to send it to her, saying she'd think about it! she then reached over to the bar to grab a napkin, kissed it - leaving a lip print in crimson lipstick and "spit" in it twice. She curled up in a little ball and "stuffed" it into my mouth, "Go home to your wife and kids, asshole...and don't ever come back to this bar again!" she ordered. I nodded affirmatively, and rushed home to begin writing my penance, chewing on her spit-covered napkin all the way home. It took me nine and one half hours a day for three days to finish the writing assignment, but I sent it to her P.O. Box, along with another three hundred and twenty dollar money order (saying she deserved twice as much for her demolishing pool performance) and a note saying I had children (all in their twenties) and was divorced. I waited and waited for a reply, but not one was made - and the m/o was cashed a day after I sent it! I sent her yet another m/o for three hundred and twenty dollars, begging her to respond. Again, the check was cashed immediately and she did not answer me. For another two weeks I waited patiently with no reply, and sent my third m/o for the same amount - three hundred and twenty dollars!!!! Yes! I was a "fool" to send money again and again, but I was desperate. Finally, a response came. It simply

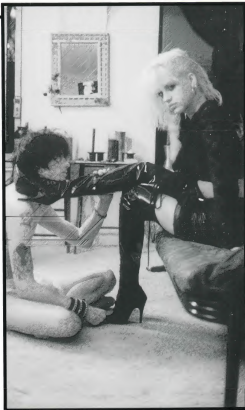
read: "Thanks, Stupid...send me six hundred and forty dollars!" I was being "used" so badly it made me cringe, yet I couldn't help myself, and sent it FedEx the next day. A week later, another letter read, "Meet me at Kronie's at 8PM March 15". I was overwhelmed!

We met, and I became Kim's slave. Not the ordinary slave you're accustomed to hearing about, but a "true" slave that is trained in every aspect. Eight months of, chauffeur's school, training/serving school to be a butler (London), manicurist/pedicurist classes, cooking classes, masseur classes, educational to do her college homework, typing (I'm only allowed to

type for her), accounting (to do taxes), hair styling and shampooing, etc., etc., etc. I, of course, clean-cook-drive-laundry clothes-shine shoes-manicure-pedicure-shave legs and armpits-shampoo-vacuum-do trash-dishes-dust-answer phones-do homework-serve food, etc. Not to mention the little things, like opening doors and holding chairs - and the big major things, like eating and drinking her bodily wastes at least once per week, eating out of a dog bowl, accepting harsh vicious slaps across the face, whippings to my back, and kicks (with boots) to my buttocks.

When I shop I must buy everything from a female as they are often on commission - and this would benefit them as well as take away from any male. Our lawyer, car dealer, etc are women - even our auto mechanic. I purchase only from females - it is a law around Kim's home. Financially, nearly three hundred thousand dollars in assets, property and bonds have been signed over to her name exclusively! Of my eighty three thousand dollar annual salary, I am allowed ten percent of it before taxes - leaving me with about seven thousand dollars per year for personal use. My two cars have been sold, and two new bought under Kim's name - A '65 corvette and a '91 mercedes. I have adapted to public transportation very well in the last three years. Kim's only work is for herself, as her daily workouts with weights (over six thousand dollars in new equipment) and aerobics have "chiseled" her into a 5'6 130 lbs lean, well-muscled beauty, almost unbelievable!!! She's a gorgeous body builder now!

She had made me get a "tattoo" in red of the word "Fool" on my ass (2" letters), and "Slave" on my chest (2" letters in navy blue). Kim wants to experiment with "branding", but I have begged her to tears to reconsider. She won't, though, as she is one cruel girl. I even must wear girl's pink panties under my suits each day, and walk around the house in a flimsy female stretch nylon leotard - pink, baby blue, yellow, white, peach - all feminine colors! It's difficult to be her toilet slave, but soon I'll be fully deserving of it - according to Kim. The constant verbal abuse has torn me down completely. I have no will to retaliate any more. I get slapped and kicked, and smacked and spit at and shit on and pissed on constantly, but have never been more fulfilled in my life. I have no more assets - no savings, no home, no cars, no stocks or bonds, no C.D's - nothing - just a good job. Kim is, on the other hand, well-to-do to say the very least. At twenty two, she is a home owner, car owner, slave owner, has stocks-n-bonds, and a degree and beauty. At forty



nine, I have my Mistress to serve to make her life as full as possible so that she may be happy. Who'd think a nineteen year-old fox could make me learn the true meaning of female superiority? But, she has and I'm as obedient as ever - and will be forever - or until she leaves me. I pray, now, for her complete mastery over me to continue. I think it will - and I think it will continue for all women over us feeble-brained, stupid, inferior male wimps!

Sincerely,
John D.

"The Stupid Old Man"

Dear Stupid Old Man,
I could not have found a more suitable title for you. John I am not the least bit impressed with your finances or your intelligence. I hope Kim has just a little bit of compassion for you and uses K-Y Jelly before grand finally.
P.S.

I need a new fur, I am a size eight-
Stupid Old Man

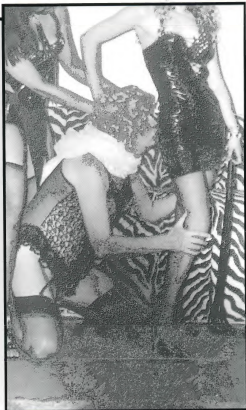
Victoria

Dear Ms. Victoria,

I would like to tell you about the unexpected and painful adventure I went through when I answered a personal ad in a foot fetish paper. It happened about two months ago in South Jamaica, Queens. As an avid foot fetishist I had been trying for some time to have a change from the small white feet of my present girlfriend. Reading through the personal ads in a foot fetish paper, I found one that attracted my attention. It was about two black girls that were looking for men to service their feet. I thought this was the thing I was looking for so I answered the ad. A week later I received a phone call from one of the girls in the personal ad. I told her about my needs and she told me about hers and her partner, which was mainly about the amount of "tribute" I would have to give them for the service. We set up a date for the following Friday night at their home in South Jamaica, Queens.

During the rest of the week I continued servicing my girl-friend's

tiny feet and hoped that my date's feet would be different. On Friday night, I dressed up sharply and drove to their house in Queens. I parked the car right in front of their house and walked to the door. A few minutes after I rang the bell, the door opened and I was greeted by one of my dates. She was a very tall and big black woman with straight black hair at shoulder length. Her complexion was light chocolate color. There was a great deal of make-up on her face that gave her a clownish look. She was dressed in a light cotton blouse with a short black skirt, and to my





great pleasure she was wearing a pair of high heels metallic striped sandals where her big toes and red painted toenails could be easily seen.

The woman smiled and introduced herself as "Candy" and invited me to come in. In the living room I met the other part of my date. She was even taller and bigger woman than Candy. She had a short afro hair with dark chocolate skin color. Her face was also heavily made-up but she had a rough looking if not mean expression. She was also wearing a blouse and short skirt but unlike Candy's, her feet were naked with her sandals tossed up some place in the carpet of the living room. This woman without getting up from the sofa where she was sitting introduced herself as "Diana"

and asked me to sit in an arm chair in front of the sofa. Candy sat on the sofa next to Diana. I kept looking at them and at their feet and I felt that I had hit the jackpot since I was beginning to get excited thinking what was going to happen next.

After an initial conversation I found out that Candy was five feet ten inches tall but with the heels she was wearing she was over six feet. Diana told me that she was over six feet already without any heels. I felt excited about the height of these two girls since I am only five feet six inches tall with a size 7 1/2 shoe. I then asked the girls about their shoe sizes and was pleased to hear that Candy wore a size 10 1/2 but when Diana

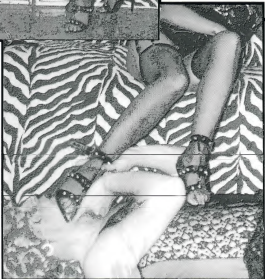




my shirt and pants to be more comfortable. Candy and Diana sat back in the sofa and told me that I could start anytime. I did not hesitate a second longer. I jumped on the floor right below the sofa. With trembling hands I unstrapped Candy's sandals and slipped them off her feet. The two pairs of naked feet next to each other made my mouth water. I choose Candy's feet first since I wanted to save Diana's bigger ones for last. I held Candy's right foot by the heel and brought it to my mouth. The toes were delicious as I licked them, kissed them and sucked them. I tried to out them all in my mouth but I could not since my mouth was not big enough. I licked between her toes hoping to

told me about her size 12, I could not believe it. To confirm what she told me I got up from the armchair and picked up Diana's sandals from the floor. I checked the size at the bottom of the sole and it read "12 EEE". I sat back in the sofa, put the sandals on my lap and removed my shoes and socks. I told the girls that this was something I always wanted to do.

As the girls looked with curiosity I tried to put my tiny feet inside the giant sandals but as predicted my feet were swimming inside them. At that moment Candy interrupted me to remind me that it was time to discuss business. I realized that she was right and therefore I paid the amount of the tribute previously agreed. I then took off



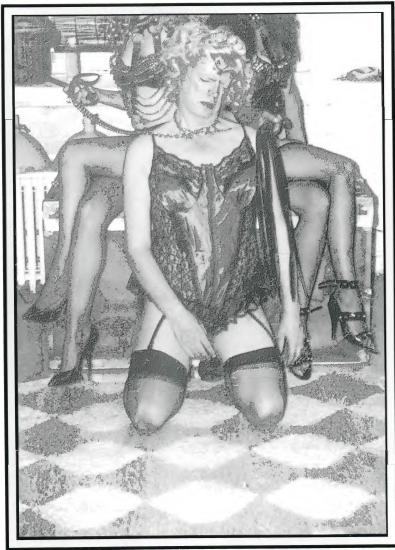


in my mouth it felt like a cock or something else. The bottom of the soles were wide and hard, like a person that had walked barefooted all her life. I could not believe how these women and specially Diana would have feet so wide almost like men's. However, I was enjoying them very much every inch of black flesh.

As a grand finale, I asked Diana to rub my erected cock between her feet as I went back to lick Candy's feet again. As Diana rubbed my cock I attempted to put as many of Candy's toes in to my mouth as possible. After a minute or so I could not hold it any more and ejaculated with all my strength. The semen splashed all over the place as Diana continued rubbing my cock until the last drop came out. I released Candy's foot and laid back on the carpet totally exhausted but very satisfied. I saw Diana wiping off semen from part of her leg and from the furniture. I apologized but they said it was all right. After a couple of minutes of rest, I got up and told the girls that their feet were great, that I

find a bit of toe jam but could not find any. I then started on the soles which I found them fairly smooth. I was really getting turned on as my cock was very stiff and ready to explode. I put Candy's foot down and started on her left one. This large black foot was very much different from my girlfriend's tiny size 5. After I was finished with candy's feet I started with Diana's. I found them some what different since they were bigger and also harder. As I was putting Diana's right big toe





had really enjoyed myself a great deal. They smiled and told me they were pleased to hear that. I then picked up my pants and shirt and started to dress.

To my surprise Diana asked me why I was dressing up already. I was somewhat confused by the question and asked her what she meant. Candy answered the question by telling me that we were not finished yet. I became more surprised and told her that I was finished, that I was going home. When Diana said that I was not going anywhere just yet, I felt that something was wrong. Candy then told me that as part of the deal I would have to fuck them now. For a moment I thought they were just trying to play a joke on me, but from the look on their faces they seemed serious enough. Trying to understand what was going on, I told them that we made no such deal and besides I did not feel like fucking them or any body else. I started to get dressed again but Diana got up from the sofa and walked toward me. She told me in a low voice that if I did not feel like fucking them it was alright as long as I pay for the service anyway. she then named an exorbitant figure. I was getting very scared at that moment, I felt that things were going to turn ugly for me. I opened my wallet and took out all the money that was there, it amounted to four bucks. This made Diana and Candy mad as they told me that since I did not want to fuck them or pay them, then they were going to fuck me instead. At that moment I just wanted to get the hell out of there without thinking twice I grabbed my clothes and shoes and ran toward the door. I tried to open it but could not find the lock. Suddenly I felt Diana's strong arm around my neck. I yelled and struggled for a few seconds but it was to no avail, I was completely helpless. Diana dragged me back away from the front door, but instead of going to the living room she dragged me towards a secondary door at the end of the corridor. There I saw Candy opening it and turning a light. Diana dragged me through that door that led to stairs going into the basement of the house. Diana finally let my neck free and threw me to the floor of the basement. As Candy turned on a second light, I almost went into a panic when the items in the basement became recognizable. They were the typical toys of sado-masochist deviates. The usual whips, paddles, leather belts and other pain inflicting devices. There were chairs with restraining belts, beds without the handles. Before I had time to think about anything else, Diana and Candy took off my underwear and undershirt. I was then stripped naked in front of these two amazons. They suddenly pulled me by the arms and dragged me towards the "horse". I protested but any resistance was useless. They lifted me up and placed me face down on the horse. Diana pulled my arms down as Candy with a piece of leather string, tied my wrists to the front legs of the horse. Then they went back and tied my ankles

to the back legs of the horse. After they were satisfied that I was well secured they stood in front of me. I was completely terrified, since I could not move an inch of my body. My exposed back, buttocks and ass were on their mercies. I started crying and begging them not to hurt me. Candy caressed my face and told me not to worry, that they were not going to hurt me. Then she said that I was only going to get fucked. I still could not understand what she meant but before I was able to think it over, Candy and Diana started stripping right in front of my eyes. Slowly they removed their blouses and skirts, next they removed their bras. I noticed that there breasts were unusually flat and small, but when they removed the panties, my worst fears came to realization. Instead of the usual hairy mount and pussy, hanging between their legs were cocks. I thought I was going to die of shock, these women were not women at all, they were transvestites half woman, half man. Candy's cock was very thin and limp. On the other hand, Diana's was long and thick even though it was also limp. At that moment Candy went down on her knees and started licking Diana's cock. Under other circumstances I would have enjoyed watching these two TV's doing their thing, but I realized that I was strapped in there for a reason. With wide opened eyes I watched hoe Diana's cock started to grow and grow bigger as Candy intensified her licking and sucking. After a few minutes, Candy stopped as Diana's cock was fully erected. It was horribly huge and fat like something that I have only ever seen in x-rated movies. Diana smiled and told me that it was about nine inches or so. I started shaking as I saw Candy handing Diana a small jar containing a clear jelly. Diana walked toward my back and stood right in front of my vulnerable exposed ass. My heart almost stopped when I felt a greasy finger inside my anus. Then I heard Diana tell Candy that I was a virgin. Candy with a smile on her face asked me if I had really never been fucked in the ass ever before. I told her never, and that I was a man. Candy said that she was sorry for me because Diana's cock is very big and to prove her point, she turned the other way, bent down and opened her ass cheeks with her hands. To my amazement her anal opening was bigger than a half dollar coin. I closed my eyes and grinded my teeth tight, but it was to no avail. I felt the sharp and gradually severe pain at my rectum as the huge cock was forced in. I screamed out loud with all my power. I felt like everything around me was turning black as if I was fainting. I felt a slight relief for a few seconds as the cock was withdrawn, but then the pain came back again with greater intensity. I continued screaming as the unbearable pain increased, I felt my rectum being torn apart. The cock was withdrawn again and I felt a warm liquid dripping down my legs. The cock went in again much deeper and then out in

a pumping motion. I felt Diana's balls and pubic hair touching my buttock when the cock was all the way in. I was so exhausted of screaming that my voice was rough and barely audible. I then noticed the pumping movements becoming faster and faster and stronger until suddenly I felt a hot stream being sprayed inside my ass and Diana's groans of pleasure confirmed that she ejaculated inside my ass. I felt a bit of relief when the cock finally withdrew. Diana then walked in front of me and I could see my blood still around the semi erected cock. I then noticed Candy

with a towel wiping the blood and semen from my ass and legs. Without saying a word, I was then released from the horse and helped to get dressed. I left the house completely broken and destroyed. I was terribly violated I felt I was not a man anymore. After I got home it took three days until my ruptured anus was healed. As I finish this letter it is obvious that this was a life time experience that has changed my life.

Sincerely,
Fred R.





Domino

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BENEATH MY SOLES

Ms. Helen

Welcome to Beneath My Sole. For those of you who are not acquainted with my column in Corporal newspaper let me take this time to introduce myself. I am Ms. Helen I have been writing The Lotus Foot Club for Corporal newspaper for over 5 years.

We receive many letters from our readers asking questions, giving advice to other readers, telling us their favorite fantasies and simply expressing their desire to serve beautiful feet.

We receive many letters from readers asking how they may join the Lotus Foot Club, the answer is simple; just write an interesting letter, or send in a story, include photos if possible and we will publish the answer and the fantasy in our column. The same applies for my column in this publication.

Now let's get on to the exciting letters.

Ms. Helen

Dear Ms. Helen,

"Sissy dumb fuck whimps" like me were born to serve the feet of a superior female. I have been submissive and obedient to women all of my long life and have always let them walk all over me and use me for their convenience. I did so because I truly felt they were superior to a feeble-minded man such as I! And I still do! It's so obvious women are superior to men and can control them at the snap of a finger; how can anyone deny it?

I am sixty two years old and currently a bank manager for one of the largest banking institutions in the world. I was set to retire in the next year, but have been instructed to continue working by my mistress, Ana, who uses my six figure income for her benefit and amusement. Ana is the youngest girl to

ever have enslaved me. She is just 20 years old and is of Puerto-Rican descent, which adds to my humiliation. You see, I had been brought up typical WASP style; prejudiced against Hispanics and Blacks. I have since turned 180 degrees as I actually serve one now! She is a beauty with long, dark hair and a slender 5'5" 120 lbs figure, size 7 feet. I literally live for Ana's beautiful feet as they are my objects of worship.

Ana was just 19 when we first met at the bank. She was hired at entry-level, but being the superior female she is, quickly moved up in the company. Ana knew my weaknesses, it seemed, as her devastating high 4 1/2" pumps clicked their way throughout the bank. I had invited Ana to a luncheon, complete with cocktails etc., but she responded with "Why should I go out with an old clod like you?" I was not shocked by this harsh teenager attitude-kids will be kids. I offered to her that she might enjoy it. "You'll be treated like a queen... I'll see to that." "Oh, yeah?" she replied in a querulous tone. Much to my



arrangement, she did accept.

All the time, Ana was a supreme "tease". She wore a mini skirt as part of her business suit, complete with jacket, dark brown stockings and 5" red strappy pumps. Ana sat before me at the lounge table. She crossed her right leg over her left and dangled a heel from her stockings toe. I playfully commented on this action, noting her good balancing act, but she ignored me making silly comments. After lunch, I offered Ana a ride back to the office, but she said she wasn't feeling well and told me to give her a ride home. Of course, I obliged and this began my servitude to her.

When we got to Ana's apartment, she instructed me to come in and fetch some paperwork that had to go back to the office. I entered her apartment and she ordered me to sit on the floor by the couch. No questions were asked and I obeyed. Shortly, Ana entered the room, sat and kicked off her pumps, boldly thrust her right foot in my face!

"Is there something that you like about this, Mr. Bailey?" she asked seductively.

"What do you mean?" I feigned ignorance. She grew impatient with my failure to submit.

"Don't give me any shit, you sexy dumb fuck whimp... you've been drooling over these feet for 8 hours a day for the last week!" she snapped.

She began rubbing her feet all over my face, showing the enormous darkened reinforcement of her right foot into my nose. I realized she had the most perfect feet I had ever seen. She replied smugly she knew all along, and since that moment I've been her white boy foot slave ever since.

I've been serving obediently this gorgeous Puerto Rican for a year now. She is younger than my granddaughters, yet owns my mind and about 80% of my salary. I truly worship her feet as if they were holy relics, and even pray to them nightly.

I am allowed to smell them and kiss them, but only by force as Ana literally smashes her nylon-clad feet into my face. I buy Ana numerous pairs of heels, multiple pairs of nylon stockings and paint her toenails for her twice a week. Yes! I am a whimp and I have given up a lot to be the foot slave to a beautiful Hispanic girl, but I believe this is just the tip of the iceberg. I have been ordered by Ana to hand wash all of her and her friends' stockings each week and deliver them to their



dormers. Sort of like a laundry boy for four young beauties. I do it with great humility because I realize I am just a male slave. I often get the opportunity to suck on Ana's nylon-clad toes at the office and I have not grown tired of this game.

To have a girl 40 years my junior and a full foot shorter dominating and controlling me is such an incredible turn-on. I have been kissing and worshipping beautiful women's feet for over 40 years now and I'm glad to see the reinforced toe and heel stocking coming back into style. These full-fashioned stockings were the greatest in the 50's - maybe Lawrence will remember? Nevertheless, today's girls are even more dominating and real seasers. Although I am Ana's slave completely, I get a thrill out of seeing her dangling a heel from her toes at the office and making us older men nearly cream in our pants! Women are so far superior, it boggles the mind how they can control a man by the flick of a nylon-stockinged toe.

Yours Truly

Ana's sexy dumb fuck whimp slave E. Bailey

Dear E Bailey,

We were delighted to receive your letter describing your experiences. You may be a "sexy dumb fuck whimp" but it sounds like you smart enough to realize that women are the



supper. You must keep up of your adventures with Mrs. Ann, Mr. Helen.

Dear Helen,
A note to slave Lawrence.

I recently picked up a copy of *Carson* and I must say you state quite a case for yourself. You say, I am a lesbian and would not-sooner have sex with you or with any male for that matter, than with a piece of shit. I did all the column writing, however, because I would like to play with male genitals, such as yours.

Unfortunately I am in California and you are in New York, but perhaps one of my lesbian slaves will pick up the ball, literally, and try some of my ideas on you.

I have seen several of the *Carson* and Victoria Beers videos and they are marvelous. Victoria is a beautiful Mistress indeed; her slaves are very grateful for having the chance to serve her. As far as I would put your touches in bondage with my stockings and probably kick you balls a bit.

I would barely jerk you off until you start several loads in the air and move as well as a marshallow. I might even hang weights on your balls and nipples. I hope you have a small cock because I hate large weapons pointing at me, and I can assure you even if it is large it won't be for long.

I believe you are sincere and would be a good plaything for my mistress, so I will close for now. Good luck,

Mistress Junior
San Mateo, Calif

Study Session
by Bill Benjamin

Welcome to my freshman year of college. My first time away from home and the family and friends that I have known all my life. A chance to meet new people and date new women that I haven't known since kindergarten.

Not that the girls I have dated were that bad, but when you come from a town where everybody knows everybody else, you tend to be more conservative about how you act. If you have a crush for any part of a woman that isn't her breasts, you open your self up to ridicule and the open disclosure that you are not "normal." In a larger city it's no big deal, but in a rural, small town where you are 13 it can be the most humiliating on parlorize you will ever encounter.

Before my freshman year in college, the most erotic on parlorize I had was jerking off to visions of *Carson* on the old *Batman* TV show. This being my only sexual experience left me completely unprepared for the more worldly women at college.

My math professor is what you would call a knockout in every sense of the word. She would wear a knee fitting blouse with the top few buttons undone, short to knee-length skirts and bright colorful high heels. The first time I ever saw a purple high heel was on this tall, buxom math teacher. Her name was Diane Wick, she was 34 years old and divorced. She was just the right amount of makeup, it always looked professionally done as did her perfectly manicured finger-

nails. They were always painted a bright cherry color to match the very outfit she wore.

Mrs. Wick had a shy demeanor, as if she knew we were all forty 17 and 18 year olds, and she loved the glances and attention she would get. The first time I saw her in class, I cursed myself for sitting in the back of the class and saw it is that I'd always had a front row view from then on.

I am fairly introverted but shy so I was afraid to approach the girls I was dating about the secret things that turned me on, like being dominated, tied up and my deepest secret, my feet fetish. When I saw Mrs. Wick at the library where I was studying one afternoon, I took my chance. I sat in a chair across from her where I could pretend to study and unobtrusively stare at her sexy legs and shoes.

She was wearing a medium length grey skirt with off-black horizontal black three inch high heels. She was seated at a table grading papers and since her table was the last in a row, the seat I was in afforded me an obstructed view.

As she continued to grade papers she started to dangle her shoe off the tip of her toes exposing her ankles, heel and ankle. I started to get turned on watching her slip her shoe on and off that heel. After a few minutes she stopped moving her shoe. I looked up and thought I caught her glance but wasn't sure because she seemed to be immersed in her work.

She re-crossed her legs, exposing more of her thigh and slowly moved her foot out of her shoe. That's the first time I saw her shapely toes, painted in a deep purple which looked wet against the black stockings she was wearing. She started to wiggle her toes and extended her foot out toward me and spread her toes giving me a view in a lifetime view of the sole of her foot.

I looked up and this time caught her glance and the knowing grin on her face. I became flustered and started to leave the library. She then put her shoe back on and came over to me. "I hope you weren't leaving," she said to me, "I was looking for a break and I thought you were in one of my classes."

"I am," I managed to stammer while putting my books in front of my pants to cover my stubble erection. She invited me to sit down and talk to her while she took a break. We sat together facing each other in a couple of chairs with no table between us. I introduced myself and she slipped her shoes off her feet and proceeded to make small talk.

I found myself staring more at her feet than in her eyes. While we talked she would cross, and re-cross, her legs, wiggle her toes and rub her stockinged feet on the carpet underneath her.

"You don't mind me taking my shoes off, do you? After standing on my feet all day, anytime I can take them off is a relief," she said, "But after the way you were staring at my feet before I don't think you mind one bit, do you?"

"What do you mean?" I asked defensively.

"You're embarrassed, aren't you?" she said mockingly. "I know you're probably extremely turned on right now, aren't you?" I nodded my head and felt my cheeks start to blush. She invited me back to her place for a drink but told me if I came once I would have to follow her directions. If I couldn't do that, I should just take one last look at her feet and

jerk off alone in my dorm room. Of course, I just nodded yes. On the drive over to her place, she slipped her shoes off and leaned against the passenger door while sliding her feet into my lap and gently caressed my hardening cock with her soles.

"Poor Baby," she cooed, "it feels like you're so hard you could pound nails. Did I do that to you?" She continued to giggle as she stroked my dick through my pants with her toes. "Don't even think about coming! I'll let you know when or if you can." When we got to her apartment she had me strip naked and she went into her bedroom. When she came out she was wearing a sheer black robe and her stockings and heels. She had one glass of wine with her, sat on the sofa and beckoned me to come over.

I stood in front of her while she took a sip of wine and then put her warm mouth over my cock. It was an incredible sensation, the cool wine and her warm mouth as her tongue teased and licked the head of my penis. She started to stroke my dick with her hand and just as I was about to come she stopped, took my dick out of her mouth and squeezed the tip of my tool delaying my orgasm but not my desire to.

"Oh please don't stop," I cried, "I need to come so bad, my balls feel like they're going to burst." "That's not my problem," she said and started to laugh. She told me to sit on the sofa next to her and rub her feet. As I was rubbing her stockings foot, still moist with perspiration from being in her high heel all day, she took her other foot and rubbed my face with it. It's the first time I have ever touched a woman's foot let alone smelled one. The scent was heavenly. "How do they smell," she asked. "Oh Ms. Wick, they smell wonderful. This is the first time I've ever done this. Please let me kiss them and lick them." She proceeded to lower her foot and put those sexy purple toes gently in my mouth and took her other foot and began to rub the underside of my cock with the top of her foot. She stopped again causing me to get on my hands and knees and beg her to finish me off. I was near the point of tears and she just kept laughing at me while licking her lips and continued to tease me.

Finally, after several hours of her teasing and stopping and teasing and stopping she said she would let me come. She told me to lay on the floor in front of her. She told me to clear my mind and just concentrate on how good it felt and the orgasm I was about to have. It felt so good. Her soft foot slowly moving up and down on my shaft while pressing it into my belly. Then she started moving her foot faster and faster and then both feet started rubbing my dick. She said, "That's it. I can feel you're about to come. Shoot! Shoot! All over my feet. Do it!"

Then just as I was about to come she stopped again and laughed at me harder and harder. "Poor Baby! All dressed up with no place to go?" She proceeded to taunt me. "Does it always get so purple and twitch like that?" Then she took pity on me. She pulled me close and we kissed for the first time that night. A deep warm, penetrating kiss. While we kissed, she remained seated on the sofa, and I, on my knees in front of her. She brought her foot up and gently touched the base of my cock with the top of her foot and I

exploded all over. It was the most intense and satisfying orgasm I have ever known. While I was coming she pulled back and brought both of her feet to my dick and milked me for all I was worth until I passed out from such intense pleasure.

When I woke up, I was in her bed, tied spread eagle with her dirty nylon stockings. I looked up and she was standing in front of me wearing a leather corset, garter, black seamed stockings and red open toe five inch spike heels. Her toenails and fin gernaills were painted a blood red as were her lips...

Dear Bill,

Thank you for your story. Yes we want to know about your experiences and so do our readers. You are very lucky to have enjoyed the things you described in your story. Many of our readers are not so fortunate, and long for experiences such as yours. Write and let us here more about other experiences you have had.

Ms. Helen

Hello Lotus Foot Club

My name is Darren, and I have been a reader of Corporal newspaper for some years now. I would love to join the Lotus Foot Club.

I am 30 years old, 5'7 Height, 150 pounds. Nice built. I have been into Women's Bare Feet since the age of 5. There is nothing more of a turn on than a pair of Women's Bare Feet rubbing and teasing my body. I have to be blind folded and have two or more women tease me with their bare feet because then I won't know who is doing what to me.

I love having my face smothered by feet. I love sucking toes and licking soles. I love being stepped on and kicked. But, I get my most pleasure by a women's bare feet stepping and kicking my cock and balls, and jacking off my cock with her bare feet.

Also Lotus Foot Club, I was reading Volume Thirteen/ Number 11 and I have to respond to two Mistresses and comment on what they said.

The first Mistress is Mistress Janice. She is the kind of woman I would love to meet. She knows just what a man needs done to his cock and balls. She mentions that men have small cocks, and she hates large weapons pointed at her. Well, I have a large cock about 8 1/2 inches, and my cock gets real hard.

She mentions that even if you have a large cock, it won't be large for long. That's one test I would love to give her because the more pain that is done to my cock and balls the harder it gets.

The second Mistress is Mistress Carol. I would have to agree with what she says. She said that there are a lot of men who are into having their cock and balls played with and tortured by feet; and they are still hiding in the closet with their feet. I have been out of the closet for five years now. I must say there are a lot of women still hiding in the closet, because I have met a lot of women who say they are not into feet. They think I am weird or something and find it dirty to suck and lick toes, and to smell shoes and feet. Yet, if I were to ask a



woman to let me kiss and lick her between her legs she would be all for it. But, this is mainly the fault of men. Because when a man makes love to a woman he kisses her all over her body but he leaves the feet out. So when a man like me comes along and wants to kiss feet, I get turned down. This is because women are not used to getting their toes sucked and kissed. This will change because feet worshipping is being seen more and more in movies and comedy shows. And a lot of feet playing is going on with a man's cock up under the table.

As long as I have been into feet, I have come out of the closet. I have not had to many relationships where women were into feet. I have paid women for some foot action, but this is not the same as the woman really being into teasing a man with her feet because she is only into it for the money, and I always end up telling them what to do



bare feet.

Foot Slave
Darren

Dear Darren,

We just loved your letter, perhaps the ladies you mention will write again. Consider yourself a member in good standing of the Lotus Foot Club. Most men, especially submissive ones, seem to react positively to a woman abusing their genitals, and indeed a swift kick to the testicles may produce an erection or ejaculation.



to me with their feet. This takes the thrill out of it.

So Lotus Foot Club, would you mention me to one of your Mistresses and have her write me. I am also looking for some great foot videos of women, dominating a man's cock and balls with her bare feet. I would just like an all cock and ball torture video where a woman uses her bare feet for kicking and stepping on a man's cock and balls, as well as jacking his cock off with her bare feet.

You may find me strange, but I get a hard on when a woman kicks a man in the balls.

I would love to hear any stories of women kicking a man in the balls.

Also Ms. Helen, do you have any other stories to share. Well until I hear from you Ms. Helen, or any other Mistress, and the Lotus Foot Club, take care and keep on torturing all cocks and balls on all men with beautiful



Interestingly enough, we are looking for readers feedback on this subject.

It is too bad that more women, especially those who have been wronged and abused by men in the past, don't take the opportunity to perform genital abuse and forced milking of males. Most of these women choose the route of mental punishment and rejection of all males as retaliation for wrongs done to them. They would rather reject a male or drop him like a hot potato instead of resorting to physical abuse. One need only read the newspapers and look at the statistics of abused women. How often does a woman harm a man. Even in cases where a woman is involved, it is usually her male lover that abuses the other male. It is time that the dominant women come out of the closet.

The truth is there are more macho men and submissive women, then truly dominant women. We hope this column helps to bring out the dominant nature in women.

As for videos, we recommend you contact Ms. Victoria, she is in charge of the Corporal Videos as well as producing her own line of S&M videos. She will be able to help you, or her personal slave Richard will be able to assist you in selecting the videos you are most interested in. You may contact her at (516) 679-6601. Or you may drop her a note at Fantastic Books, P.O. Box 34 Amityville, N.Y. 11701-0034.

Dominantly
Ms. Helen

We are accepting letters comments and photos. If you would like to write to Ms. Helen or slave Lawrence, you may do so by writing to them in care of Fantastic Books, P.O. Box 34, Amityville, N.Y. 11701-0034 or for letters to appear in Corporal address your letters to The Lotus Foot Club Drawer G Coram, NY 11727-0967

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WEEKEND SLAVE!

When Mistress Cherri came to visit me for the weekend I never expected things to start out so hot! We played together, we humiliated, taunted and teased our poor slaves.

I soon tired of having her slave's tongue on my toes and decided to have him entertain us by doing a little dance. And we made him up as a cute little woman to dance just for us!

Dressed in high heels and pearls, "our dancer really moves those shoes".

We had a great weekend!

We even had fun playing with a puppy, we teased him, we fed him and we gave him a "bone", and then watched him beg for more! The nice little puppy obeyed so well we rewarded him with a treat. And he lapped it all up! What a nice little puppy!

Unfortunately you only get to see Mistress Cherri's slave in part one. The action is non stop! Just wait till you see part 2, where Mistress Cherri and I turn our attention to my "little slave Bob".



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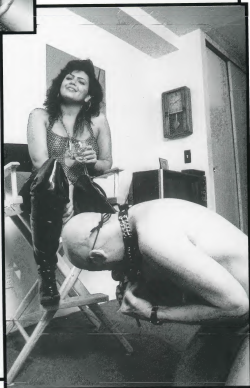
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COME WORSHIP AT MY FEET!

DIANNA VESTA

Freedom...what does this really
mean, really?
To be free from what?
To be what?
To have control.....
or to lose control?
To surrender or to be all that you
can be?
What does this mean, to you?
Let Me have you.
I can take you there..... and you
know it.....so,
submit to me,
My power.... My beauty..... I can
take you there,
you need what I have
and you want it.....don't you??
Maybe you'll start at my feet?
Of course you will.
At my feet, worship at my feet.
Paying Me the adoration I de-
sire, that I desire.
You and Me.
I am the symbol of everything
you want.
Am I not?
And those shoes is what you de-
sire.....
aren't they?
Because there is where you be-
long.....
isn't it?Slave,
you belong to me.....everything
you are is mine... Right?



Say it! "Goddess I beg you to please allow this worthless peice of dog do-do, to worship your feet."

I love having my feet worshipped, the shoes licked and My spikes sinking down into your worthless mouth. The delicate yet abrasive feeling of your tongue sliding on My silk stockings. You will learn to remove that stocking with your teeth and as you slide it gently down my leg you will adore every square inch of me and if you make just one mistake I will slap you silly.
Got that slave?

First come up here and light my cigarette. Don't let it fall out of my holder. It's sexy, don't you think slave? Long and black, with rhinestones. Sleek and sexy like my legs and stockings. Watch me wrap my lips around this. Watch the smoke roll out of my mouth and blow right in your worthless face. You adore me don't you?

Now, take off my stockings. Kiss my legs and expose my toes. My feet are flawless and that pungent smell

is sweetly scenting my stockings also. If your good, really good, maybe I'll let you take one home. Wouldn't you love that?

Now tickle my arch with your tongue. Flicker it lightly with the tip. Faster, slave, I love this and you do want to make me happy don't you. You want to please me and you know that if you don't, you will be punished. Ohhhh yes, yes that's right. I could cum right now but I won't. You don't deserve such a privilege. I can cum anytime. Hundreds of men would fall at my feet with a snap of my fingers.

Now slave, take my toes into your mouth. Start with one at a time. Roll that worthless tongue around those curvey toes. Bite the tops, gently. Slide your tongue up into my toes. Bite the tops, gently, slide your tongue up into my toe-nails and clean the dirt out of there. That's right, pucker those slave lips around those toes and suck. It seems as though maybe you've done this before. Have you?

CONTINUED ON PAGE 26

GODDESS DIANNA VESTA Presents

"TOE...tally HOT FOOT...age!" FOOTWORLD VOLUME 1 Absolutely the best domination film available on the subject of FOOTWORSHIP

Goddess Dianna's TV slave is given the ultimate delicacy- the beautiful feet of his Goddess. First he thoroughly cleans the soles of her 3" black, patent stiletto pumps. After a good shoe cleaning, he is permitted to inhale the sweet, pungent odor of his Goddess's stocking clad feet. Next comes dessert as he pulls, licks and eats the grapes from between her toes and slowly licks the whipped cream off her feet.

But that's not all...

The slave tells Goddess Dianna that he has a surprise for her... a prisoner bound and gagged. Goddess Dianna is delighted and the reluctant prisoner is subjected to the unique training of Goddess Dianna. She breaks his spirit with some equestrian training, teaches him proper footworship with trampling, as he is humbled beneath her thigh high black boots.

Does it turn him into a proper slave? Watch it and see...

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VHS Format- Running time fifty five minutes

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Impulse Productions Inc.,

20533 Biscayne Boulevard, Suite # 4-166, North Miami Florida 33180

What is that ugly thing there bobbing between your worthless legs? Your what? a penis? Why that doesn't belong to you. It's mine, slave. Say it, 'Goddess, this worthless worm belongs to you.'

Why slave, I believe that worthless thing a mind of its own. and that isn't allowed. Make that thing go away, right now!

Here slave, let me help you get rid of that worm. Lie down on your back and let me step on it. That would smash that worthless peice of meat.

Look at that, slave!

No matter how hard I step on it with the sole of my shoe, it just continues to disobey me. I've stepped on it so hard the dirt of my soles is staining it and still that thing is hard and out of control.

You have ten seconds to do something quick about that thing.

Now get rid of it.

One.....

Two.....

Three..... pull it harder it's not going anywhere. four..... five.....

six.....how dare you allow that worthless thing to salute my presence.

seven.....

eight.....

nine.....you got one more second.

ten.....stop!

Ugh! What is that in your hand? Why I believe you have spilled your brains, slave. Lick it off your hands, NOW!

You can't do that? Well you better if you're going to be my slave. You had better learn not to deny Me anything. Now prove to Me that you will submit to me or be gone forever. If you let Me down, you will never walk through my door again....

Do you understand?



Goddess Dianna Vesta is a life-style dominant, living in south Florida and in New York City. Her prime interest are in foot-worship, humiliation, feminization and role-play. She is available for private sessions, consultations, seminars and shows. She is currently working on a book involving S/M life-styles. She seeks men who are intelligent and aggressive in life and submissive only to her. You

may call directly to Dianna at:

1-900-654-5600

(\$3.95 per minute. You must be over twenty-one.)

You may also write to:

GDV

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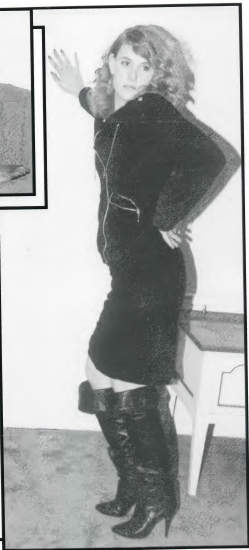
To book sessions or shows only, you may leave a message at New York,

212-744-9357.

To reach Goddess Dianna in Miami you may call 305-399-3444, someone will call you back to speak for The Goddess DIANNA.



**MISTRESS
VICTORIA
PROUDELY
PRESENTS
HIGH
STEPPING
HEELS**



Dear Slave, I know my lovely legs and shapely feet will make you nice and hard. I love nothing more than teasing a helpless male into total submission. The funny thing is, I almost never have to use force. All I have to use is the power of a dangling pump. I love to make a slave submit to my feet.

I love having my sweaty feet kissed and licked, especially after a long night of dancing. I would like to learn more about you slave. Write me along letter and, tell me in detail about your fantasies and first experiences with worshipping the female foot. I am considering the possibility of publishing a magazine devoted to foot worship. If I find your letter interesting enough (and you consent) I may use it for publication. Of course your name or address will never be published. I have photo sets of slaves kissing my feet and also my girl friends and also some photos of pretty feet masturbating hard slavish cocks. If you would like to order them, they are \$30 per set of ten. You can pick either foot kissing or foot masturbation or a combination of both. If you would like to be trained by myself or some of my friends by phone, you may call me at (516) 679-6691. There is a charge of \$52 which you may put on your credit card. If you prefer you may send \$52 for a prepaid call. Be sure to include your number and a time to call. I look forward to hearing from you soon. In the meantime look at my pictures and make your cock nice and hard for me.

Mistress Victoria

CO Fantastic Books BOX 34, N.Y. 11701-0034, P.S. I also have panties and stockings available to worthy slaves for \$25.00 per pair or \$40.00 for both. Sorry No Checks Accepted.



I love showing off my body, especially my gorgeous feet. Their high arches, and their astonishing long toes have brought pleasure to many. Often merely the glance of my precious peds sending hot-blooded men into orgasmic frenzies. If it's possible for a woman to be divinely blessed with anatomical perfection, I guess you could say that I am blessed by the higher power of some perfect sculptor. I love showing my beautiful feminine feet and love watching and rubbing my tantalizing toes against the rugged, sexy feet of a hot male. If he has great feet, so much the better! When a dude sucks my toes, it sends electricity into my huge, throbbing clitoris, but at the bottom of everything, like to feel that I'm, sucking not only his big, thick toes but also other parts of his muscular, fine anatomy as well! Muscled bodies really get me going, and the gym is the place where I stalk my male prey. As those of you who are familiar with my lustful proclivities are aware, I already mesmerized the hunky new instructor of weightlifting and aerobics at my gym, forcing him to put his throbbing cock in between my delicious arches and having him shoot gobs of his joy juice onto my legs through my feet, right there in the gym's mat room while on the training floor! The gym is truly the haven for the aspiring exhibitionist. Everybody's showing off their stuff for everybody else as they sweat, twist and strain over free weights, Nautilus and Eagle machines. Not that it's always that obvious. For even a goddess as the lady who is detailing the most intimate sexual details of her thrilling life to you right now, I must know when to be subtle in my entrapment of slaves. When you spot a potential foot slave, you must let him gradually reveal himself to your supreme presence. For instance, the other day after I had made a whimpering pulp of the macho superstar trainer who had so dutifully worshipped my long perfect toes, with pride I marched across the gym's straining floor and approached the Stair Master machine. Slowly basking in the red light of the dotted matrix board that reflected the numbers of my weight and exercise program, I noticed a muscular young guy who sported a sweaty tank top revealing strongly developed shoulders and arms. He flexed his broad shoulders as he lifted twenty-five pound weight in each hand, the veins in his arms saluting his exercise as he moved the weights up and down. How his pectorals bulged through their encasement in perspiration-drenched purple cotton! He had the kind of nipples that stood bolt upright through his shirt. His black and white striped cotton trunks tightly clung to his thick, bulging thighs that appeared to have been chiseled by Michelangelo. You could see the outline of his thick cock and tight scrotum in those revealing shorts, and even though he was physically immersed in his exercises, the sight of my beautiful long limbs as they stretched from my hot pink little bikini bottom drove my stud to distraction. I must admit, I did look incredible. Sometimes, I will turn myself on by staring at my perfect little ass in the mirror! After all, I do go to the gym nearly every day, now don't I? My well-muscled male specimen was looking directly at my "innie" belly button that was filling up with wetness from the movements of my legs going up and down, back and forth

on the stair master machine. My thighs and calves began to feel little spasms of pain from the exercises, but these little pains couldn't match the pain of the pressure that was building up within my pussy, and all around my huge clitoris. My love button began to tinkle as I watched the guy staring at me. Perhaps he noticed the erectness of my nipples as they stretched across the lycra of my bikini top. Perhaps he could detect the shape of my hot little cunt as my bikini bottom revealed it to the world. Total exhibitionist that I am, I was getting off on every sweat-drenched moment of this naughty free show. I began to pump harder on the machine as the guy lifted two weights high over his head, knocking both of them together with a resounding "clang"! He gritted his perfect, whiter than pearl teeth and groaned audibly through the grimace of his facial muscles. We were showing off for each other, and thoroughly loving each and every minute of it. I moved even faster as the machine forced me working up to warp speed. I could feel a strain on my abdominal muscles, the familiar sensation that had helped erode my washboard stomach. I could see the same muscularity applied to the well-cut stomach of the openly young man as his seat made him appear as though naked through the cotton of his tank top. The cooling down portion of my exercise was beginning and I responded with appropriate breathing, feeling my diaphragm internally rise and fall as my heart pounded faster. The space between my legs began to pound too, as the pink wetness between my furry finery cried out for the long thickness of the muscle man. As my exercise routine ended and thered dots told me that I had, of course, achieved my goal, I noticed that the stationary bike was available. Wiping the sweat from my shoulders with towel, I carried with me. I approached the long line of bikes that dressed the entire length of the gym floor. I approached the bike with a bit of trepidation, not wanting to lose sight of the stud who had been



watching my movements with such rapid attention. There were two large, overweight women on bikes at either side of me, making me look like a slim volume between two huge bookends. As I pumped and pedaled away, the young dude clanged the weights over his head one final time before placing them back into their holder next to the wall on their long, black rack. Had I been wrong in my stimulation of the dude's attention? Could it be that he was actually only into himself and just admiring my perfect body with the same slavish attention that he would lavish upon his own? Was he just comparing bods or was he genuinely attracted to me? I am, after all, a goddess, and I am accustomed to indifference from anything male. I pumped harder and faster upon the pedals of the machine and watched the speedometer on the silver bars of the machine. I closed my eyes to keep the sweat from running into my eyes from my forehead. I kept them closed as I became hypnotized by the motion... The steady motion that repeated its tat into my psyche continuously... and began to daydream. In my mind's eye, I focused upon the young man and envisioned him in chains, totally naked. There was a long chain on his cock, and this chain was locked to the enormous brass bedpost in my boudoir. The guy was small fours, offering himself to be ridden as a dutiful packhorse. With the spurs on my long, black boots, I wiskie king him in the side and demanding that he transport me around from one side of my gigantic bed to the other, as long as the chain on his huge schlong would let him travel. "Faster, you worthless piece of horseshit!" I yelled to him, bent upon revenge for his failure to acknowledge my beauty further in the gym. By the time I was through with this little slave, he would need safety pins to keep his body together. I would whip him with acid of nine tails until his perfectly formed ass was a crosshatched maze of red welts. As I pedaled even more intensely,



my eyes opened, and I laughed wickedly at what I had imagined I had done to the stud who had rebuffed me. I would have him in my mind, at least, if not at all. My laugh turned to a gasp, however, when I fully opened my eyes, and beheld my hunky young number standing directly in front of me. Unashamed, he stared directly into my eyes and I looked deeply into his deep pools of blue. Was he torturing me with his stares? Was he harassing me with his overwhelming presence?

What did this too-confident character want from me? I am unaccustomed to such insolence from the male of the species. Total worship of my perfect body is the usual style to which I am accustomed. This over-confident hunk of siena muscle must of really thought he was hot shit, not mere horse shit! This guy continued to stare. He needed to be taught that his behavior was impolite. He needed to be taught some manners. He needed to be taught submission to a true goddess. While waiting for me to finish my exercise, was he admiring my flawless form or insolently trying to force me off the bike so he could use it himself. The two-ton Tessies on either side of me had no intention of leaving their bikes, so indifferent to the entire situation were they as they sweated away, listening to their walkmans! The preening peacock was now stretching from side to side, his back turned to me. His tight little butt clenched at the cotton in his shorts. As the cooldown portion of my exercise occurred, I pondered the idea of starting up again, just to make the worthless swine wait even longer. How my calves and thighs ached! Rings of sweat revealed my hot, dark nipples through the pink of my bikini top. It was now obvious that the guy was catching flirtive glances of my tits and they were turning him on, a fact that was revealed by the hardening bulge in his shorts. Like a teenage boy who has been called to The blackboard to work a math problem and doesn't want anyone to see the stiffening boner in his pants, the guy dropped his hands over his middle. Could it be that the guy had some shame in him after all? My nipples stiffened into rich clusters of passionate, powerful penis-teasers and my cunt was gushing with wetness upon beholding the guy's humiliation. This was enough for me! I stopped pedalling and dismounted the bike. One side of me, the sweaty black mama in red longpants and yellow sweatshirt pedaled away, and the sound of her walkman turned up to near-deafening decibel level. I could hear that



she was listening to the familiar strains of M.C. Hammer's "Can't Touch This". How fucking appropriate! I was driving this Ultimate Warrior-look-alike crazy, as indicated by the tumescent bulge in his shorts. He wanted me, couldn't have me, and oooohh, how I relished the moment! He would be submissive to his perfect goddess, even if the humiliation and adoration were left unspeakable. As I walked right past him, pretending not to notice the guy, I could smell the overwhelming fragrance of Brut emanating from his body. He had probably doused himself for hours. As I exited the door of the gym's training floor and began to make my way up the stairs that led to the Ladies' Locker Room and swimming pool, I took one glance back at the guy and couldn't believe my eyes! The shameless son-of-a-bitch, was actually sniffing the bicycle seat! My female bodily aromas mixed with the pungent tinge of sweaty leather were giving this guy a cheap thrill! What's worse, nobody was noticing what was going on but me. The bastard was actually getting away with these rude actions. Could he be taught a lesson? For me to look upon this scene further, though. For the likes of me to even care about the likes of a meaningless, piece of worthless scum trash such as he... was scarcely worth it! Besides, I had other fields to plough. As I walked up the stairs that led me to the locker room, I got mad and madder!

How could the insolent young brat be taught the lesson he so richly deserved? He must grovel at my precious feet! Taking inventory of the preceding events, I began to wonder if I had actually descended from my throne of higher power by being attracted to the guy's incredible bod? Should I have made him grovel? Well, there's always the next time! As I stripped my sweaty bikini leotards off, and exposed my perfect tits and divine bush to the other naked women in the locker room, I thought "Eat your hearts out, Lezzies! This is what it's supposed to look like, you bunch of bitches! Shimmymy into my white bikini top, I arched my back and drove the daughters of Sappho who enviously stared at me into frenzies of jealousy since they could never look as good as me, and could certainly never have me! Before I put on the white bikini bottom, though, I slowly removed my ReBoks, and began to peel off my little white sweat socks. My high arches and long-stemmed, perfectly pedicured and delicately painted toes were now revealed to the world. Slowly, I pointed and flexed each foot. The pussy-bumpers were salivating at my little show! Ah, what the fuck! Let them enjoy what they can't have. Let them suffer! One beautiful girl who must have not been a day over the age of twenty-three was powdering her upper thighs and pussylips. She was a cute little blonde thing, and I must admit I felt just a bit attracted to her as I watched the white powder cascade down to the towels upon which she stood. She began to move her maroon-colored, pretty-polished toenails around the towel in semi-circular motions, and this really began to make my pussy twitch! Her toes curled and dug into the towel. Barefoot goddess that I was, I began to move my feet around in the same fashion. I would show her the dignity of a true Goddess. As I walked by her, lifting my voluptuous chest high and moving past her with an arched back, I heard the little lass purr timidly, "Beautiful feet, Honey!" I looked back at the sweet young thing and gave a little smile. True royalty knows how to accept a compliment. The girl then gave me a little wink. Rather than allow this cat-and-mouse game of seduction proceed any further, I turned on the balls of my precious peds and walked, or rather marched, directly to the door that led to the pool. The pool was remarkably empty that evening, saved for a few young men and women practicing swimming crawl, and breaststrokes. I walked up to the secluded areas that housed the Whirlpool Jacuzzi, and passed the foliage that formed a green gazebo over the steaming cauldron of healing bubbles. Miracle of miracles, the Jacuzzi was empty! I would be able to stretch out and allow one jet stream to massage the back of my neck, as another jet stream massaged my pedicured treasures. As I entered the water, the swirling streams of water sent spasms of ecstasy up my vaginal orifice. I slowly immersed myself and closed my eyes, enjoying myself as only a truly divine goddess could. Suddenly, I was aware of another presence. Just barely opening my eyes, I beheld the young man I had seen in the gym! I closed my eyes again for several minutes, when suddenly I felt his hand on my foot! Rather than withdraw, however, I rewarded the darling young devil by allowing him to massage my feet. I must admit, the combination of his obviously experienced hands

massaging my peds and the erotically enticing movements of his wet water created a wicked wonderland of pleasure! I moved my other foot up to him and offered its wealth of beauty to the young man for treatment, rewarding him by taking the already massaged foot and digging my toenails into his erect nipples. As I dug my toes, he must have dug the feeling, for he lifted my foot out of the water and began sucking my toes. His long tongue rapidly swirled over my toes and caressed my instep. In response, I dug my other foot into his swelling crotch. His raging erection welcomed the attack, and I could actually feel him get harder by the second! Digging my toes into the elastic waistband around his trunks, I made pedal contact with his swelling manliness. I slowly moved my other foot down his chest and onto the other side of his crotch, masturbating the stud between the arches of my feet. When I heard him moan in orgasmic pleasure, I dug my sharp toenails right into the studs testicles with such force that he yelled out in pain while simultaneously exploding in orgasmic pleasure. As he closed his eyes and smiled, I got up to leave without saying a word. How dare this insolent fool shoot his jism over me and not even have the courtesy to apologize? As I left, though, I must confess I did give him a swift kick in the head spinning and gasping, his mouth filled with cum-filled water! In the last several weeks I have received some interesting letters from some of detailing your experiences in worshipping beautiful female feet. I am including one of them in this column. Those of you who want to write to me may do so, by writing in care of this magazine. I would especially like to receive letters about your first foot experiences. Just address your letters to:

Ms. Victoria,

Fantastic Books

P.O. Box 34 Amityville, N.Y. 11701-0034



Dear Mistress Mara,

Now that I've told you about my first experience with one of the two teachers that I was so very fortunate to not only have for certain classes, but for having them teach me the ways to become a better foot and leg slave, I will always cherish the memory of these two beautiful ladies. The second teacher that allowed me the pleasure of practicing foot worship on her was my eighth grade history teacher, her name was Miss Lochhart. She would not only teach me history, but even more of the proper techniques of the art of foot massage and foot worship. Miss Lochhart was a very pretty woman, with shoulder length blonde hair much like the color of Miss Wolfes hair but lighter in color. She had some of the prettiest hands that I've ever seen on a woman even to this day. Her fingers were long and thin, and her nails were of a long length, with well-manicured nail tips that were always bright white, like a french manicure would be. I only hoped her toenails were the same and I would soon find out that indeed they were. She was like a lot of women who seemed to like to slip out of her high heels at any time, arch her sexy toes then slip back into her shoes, then do the same to her other foot. I was caught staring at her feet on more than one occasion by her, and I remember her giving me a funny look then glancing down to her feet. I turned beet red more than one of these occasions, and she would just sort of smile at me and go back to teaching. I had no way of knowing that Miss Wolfe and her were good friends and that Miss Wolfe had told Miss Lochart about the evening of foot massaging that she has received from me. Nor had I known that they had talked about the fact that I was harmless and was good at obeying the orders of women, even more so when I was allowed to play with my favorite subject in life, which was a sexy pair of nylon female feet. Well about a month after I had been allowed to massage Miss Wolfes delicate little feet for her, I was reintroduced to Miss Locharts absolutely stunning feet after school. It was a very hot humid day, and all day during class Miss Lochart kept stepping out of her shoes. She always wore dresses and was never without pretty high-heeled shoes or sheer nylons. I could see from my seat that when she left her shoes slip off that her hose had dark reinforced areas at the toes and heels. I could also see from where I was that her toes seemed to be very long and thin, and that her toenails were of a very sexy long length. It was about twenty minutes before the end of the class and the end of the day, and I was ready to go home. Well right before class ended Miss Lochart came over to my desk and put her hot soft as silk hand lightly on the back of my neck. This sent hot flashes all over my body, and shivers down my spine. She then bent over to me and whispered to me that she would like me to stay after school and talk about why my grades had slipped so badly lately. I was very nervous and was afraid that she was going to fail me or worse call my parents and tell them I was doing so poorly. After all the other kids left, I sat there expecting Miss Lochart to chew me out about my grades. Much to my surprise, instead of chewing me out, she asked if I would mind helping her out. I was relieved to hear

her talk so nicely to me, I told her I would be happy to help her and she said, "Ok, then lets start by hanging up these displays that the kids made for open house." I agreed to help her and as a matter of fact was honored that she wanted me to do anything for her. As she decided where she wanted to hang the displays I could keep my eyes off her very pretty legs encased in those sheer nylon stockings. My eyes followed the trail from her silky looking thighs down to her sexy feet. She wore sexy black kid pumps with four inch spikes, I could only imagine how hot and sweaty her soles must be trapped inside those beautiful shoes all day. As she went to hang the display up she realized she couldn't reach the spot so before I knew what was happening, she slid a chair over to the wall and asked me to hold it steady. In a second she was standing on the chair and much to my delight she had allowed her one pump to drop to the floor, quickly followed by the other one. I was lost for words as she handed me some tacks to pass to her as she needed them. I couldn't take my eyes off her incredible feet, encased in those sheer nylons. I could see clearly that her toes were long and thin and that they were well pedicured with nails that extended a ways past the ends of her toes. My erection grew fast and rock hard almost instantly. From the light shining on her toes I could see the wetness on the tops of her toes. I wanted to touch her feet so bad and feel her sweat on my hands. It was maddening to me to be so close to her pretty feet and not be able to touch them. At least once, she asked me to fork, and because I was so intrigued with her feet I didn't hear her. When she stood on her tip toes her beautiful arches and lovely insteps looked even more alluring to me and I ached for her feet. As she finished hanging the display she stepped down from the chair still holding a handful of tacks, she missed her left shoe and pointed her pretty toes trying to get her shoe back on, with little success. I knew that it was my chance so I quickly bent down to the floor with her



balancing on one foot and picked up her shoe, as I picked it up I was shaking badly and noticed as I helped her guide her sexy wet cared for foot into the shoe that the insole of her shoe had a lot of wetness rolling around in it, it was indeed erotic to someone like me to see such a sight. As her foot disappeared into the shoe I felt a little sad and was hoping to be allowed to fondle her feet some more, to my delightful surprise she said, "Go ahead if you would and please help me with the other one," I didn't need to be told twice, and picked up the other shoe by its slim sexy spike heel. As I guided her foot into the shoe I was greeted by the sound of her silky hose rubbing against her leather shoe. It was music to my ears, I had trouble sliding her heel into the shoe, so I slid my finger in and as she slid her silky heel in and over my finger I could feel the moisture on her beautiful foot. Miss Lochart was indeed a very intelligent woman and knew full well what I was trying to do, and her little chat with Miss Wolfe only confirmed her thoughts that I would indeed like to play with her sexy feet. As I finished helping her get her other shoe on I took the liberty of sliding my hand over her instep a few times, I thought I would explode in my pants, just the touch her silky hose against my hand was enough to send chills through my body. She looked down at me, smiled and said "I let's finish up quickly. I have another job for you that I think you'll like, at least that's what Miss Wolfe said the other day." I asked her what job, and she just winked at me with her beautiful smile and said, "You'll love it, wait and see." We finished doing what she wanted to do and it took about a half hour more, the whole time I could not take my eyes off her pump clad feet and shapely legs. She saw me looking more than once too, but never said a word. My heart was racing wildly as she called me to her desk where she had taken a seat. I stood in front of her nervously looking around the room and avoiding direct eye contact with her as much as possible. She finally said, "Do you still want to help me or are you getting tired?" I do have more time for you to do," I answered her that I was fine and she smiled at me, saying she was glad. I asked her what the last job was, and she looked at me straight in the eye and said, "Miss Wolfe said you gave her a very nice massage, and I was just wondering if you would like to do the same for me," I was shaking from both my desire to do this to a pretty lady, and from fear of it. I was staring at the floor and blushing like a beet, when I felt her very soft warm hand on top of mine. She probably could feel me shaking, and her silk like skin made me even more aroused, if that was possible. Her long finger nails slid across the back of my hand, and my young cock saluted her feminine feeling skin in an instant. She looked at me and said "If you don't want to do this I'll understand, I know that I really shouldn't even ask it's just that Miss Wolfe said you didn't mind and that you were so good at given massages, and I could really use one today." I answered her by dropping to my knees at her feet, and asking her which one she would like for me to first. She extended her left foot to me still encased in her sexy pump. I was so nervous that she could see me shaking and told me not to worry it was all right, and that my secret was safe with her and that she appreciated the fact that I was willing to do this for her. I grasped her slim spike heel and gently began to pull downward, I was surprised

at how slippery her hose were and the shoe came off so easily that it shocked me, and her very wet foot fell right into my waiting hand. She let out a sigh at the release of her tired foot. "Oh that feels so good to get them off she said," immediately began to massage her hot soles and beautiful toes, like her finger nails I was right that her toe nail were as white and pretty as her fingers were. She sighed again and said "Oh honey Miss Wolfe was right to do give a wonderful foot massage, where did you learn to do that so well?" With my face turning red, I said it was easy to do for beautiful women such as yourself. She thanked me for the complaint and, I continued her massage. Her foot was very soft and her hose were indeed very wet with her sweat just like I had seen as she stood on the chair. After about fifteen minutes of this foot being in my hands, she ask for me to do the other one. She rested her left foot on my leg to keep from snagging her hose on the floor, and held out her other foot to me which was also in that sexy pump. I was on the brink of exploding as I slipped her shoe off and caught wind of that erotic smell of fine leather and a very hot sweaty foot. As I sat there caressing this foot she told me that Miss Wolfe raved about how I had made her feel that day I did her feet, and she could certainly understand why. I told her I would do this for anyone she wanted. She patted me on the head like a dog and told me that I was such a good angel. A few minutes later she decided that she wanted both feet done and slid the other over my leg and in to my hands. This sight was more than I could take, I started to stroke up and down on her beautiful feet, rubbing slowly back and forth from her toes to her heels, pausing only briefly to touch the flesh of her red heels. As I was doing this she started to flex her toes up towards the sky, this has always been a turn on for me and before I could gain control of myself I began to shoot my load of cum all in my pants, I squeezed her feet as I came and she never said a word and after I regained my composure she let me continue massaging her feet another ten minutes or so. All the while telling me how good I made her feel, God if she only knew what she had done for me. I am sure she knows I came, but she could not possibly know how she made my day. Finally she suggested that we stop, and it was just in time too, I was beginning to get another raging hard on. I helped her with her shoes and she thanked me over and over, when I should have actually been thanking her. I went on home and for four months I used that day as a fantasy whenever I had to masturbate. I did get this opportunity once more, but I will save it for another time.

T. THE FOOT LOVER!

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